

The Lay
Apostolate
in Action

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

The Catholic
Interracial
Viewpoint

Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

Vol. 5 No. 1

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New York, N. Y. 5 Cents

Sailing Westward to God

By CLEM DOWLING, MA M 3/c

WE sailed out under the Golden Gate on New Year's Day and headed southwest — destination unknown! Almost at once we were issued lifejackets and given instructions on behavior during attack from Jap planes or subs.

Then it was that we became conscious of the nearness of death, and we all acquired that over-gay feeling which weakly masks an apprehensive mind.

Each morning before sunrise and each evening at sunset we all mustered on deck, for at these times a ship is most susceptible to attack. Our life jackets became as much a part of us as our shadow on a sunny day.

Such were our precautions during this trip which lasted nearly a month. And all the while, within us, a change was taking place, for the ever-present danger of mortal attack had brought the fear of death closer to us than ever before. And in retrospect, as we gazed out over a seemingly endless ocean, we passed over the life that God had given us and which we had messed up so often. And silently we made a solemn resolution then and there, that if we ever got back to America safely, our life would be more Christ-like, not only for ourselves, but also for those near and dear.

Fortunately we had a Catholic chaplain aboard who celebrated Mass every afternoon at 1600 (4 p.m. your time) on the boat deck, and it is a noteworthy fact that the further we progressed into danger zones, the greater became the attendance at Mass and Communion.

You see, we could feel something in the air about us—a menacing danger that was real enough to reach the depths of our souls and bring out a response which must have pleased Our Lord, even though it was fear that caused it. But we had no fear any more because we were ready for anything now. We had become alive with an inner security and happiness that was strange and soul-stirring. As chance would have it, we had only one sub-scare on the entire trip, and except for a bit of seasickness everyone arrived hale and hearty on the shores of the Philippines.

HERE we were amazed to find a people predominantly Catholic, not only in name, but in action. We became a bit ashamed that as members of the world's supposedly most progressive people, we had to take a back seat at Mass to their piety and humble devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Their 300-year-old Cathed-

ral, built under the supervision of Spanish priests, is a large edifice adorned with many statues and three large altars. The background to the main altar has 16 statues of the saints set in alcoves, and the walls of the Church are made beautiful by exquisite designs of set-in sea shells.

Almost all of the windows have been smashed and birds fly in at will through the rafters as the native Catholics sing parts of the Mass. It is the one place on this island that reminds us strongly of home, and it has done much to strengthen a common bond between us and the Filipinos.

It might be interesting to you to know that the Cathedral is never closed and that every minute of every day there are twelve or fifteen Filipinos present before the altar reciting the Rosary and Litanies to the Saints. Each group has a leader and these groups follow a definite schedule of adoration. It is one of the greatest testimonials of faith any happy-go-lucky gang of sailors has ever seen. It made us determined to show these people that we too were real Catholics!

They were amazed to find their large Cathedral filled four times each Sunday by thousands of American sailors, and their amazement increased at the tremendous number of communicants.

You might say that we have found the Light and are de-



Melita Rodeck

termined to follow it to Eternity. It took the fear of death to fan the Light to a Flame, but we are not ashamed because we realize now that it was due to our inherent human weakness, submitting to the allurements of a tempting world. Life has real meaning to us now, and when we finish this job out here, we're coming back and tell a lot of you people about "Sailing Westward to God."

BLACK AND WHITE BY EDDIE DOHERTY

A MOST distressing thought has crossed my path—and that when I wasn't looking for it. It popped out of a lot of manuscripts written by Catholic authors as entries in a prize short story contest. I was supposed to pick three winners out of this bunch, so I had to read them carefully, and judge them.

I didn't relish the task. I had been reading so-called Catholic literature for years in our religious magazines. I didn't know what was the matter with the average "Catholic" story. But, reading these manuscripts, the answer suddenly came to me.

It wasn't the bad or indifferent writing, the too-too sweet treatment of religious themes, the faulty construction, the synthetic plots—nor even the use of that old old prop of the average Catholic author, grandma's well-worn rosary.

It was the utter lack of humor in all but a few of these stories; the extremely terrible lack of joy.

I thought of convents and monasteries I had visited; of monks and nuns who laughed merrily, even uproariously; of lovers of God whose joy shone out of their eyes even when they were in pain.

Ours is a joyous religion. Surely our Catholic authors must have the joy of God always in their hearts. Why do they keep it out of their stories? (This goes for me as well as the other guys.)

Let us write from full hearts, and the whole non-Catholic world will listen to what we have to say. Let's fill the world with joy, even when we write tragedies. Was there a greater tragedy than the crucifixion? Was there ever, and will there ever be, a greater joy than that of contemplating this great crime?

Let's be natural; let's permit our joy to shine through everything we write. Then, though we never mention the Catholic church in our stories, all the world will be Catholic some day. But if we keep on being affected, sanctimonious, pusillanimous, dry, and joyless, we'll certainly chase a lot of readers into some other church, God help them.

The Violet

She shakes her head
At tears we shed,
And wonders why
We people cry;
For, when she sleeps
In God she keeps
Her trust. She knows
That Winter goes,
And faith will bring
Another Spring.
What peace one gets
From violets!

—Lucine Pawlowski.

Time for an Annual Wage

By BISHOP BERNARD SHEIL

THE true measure of a people's greatness is its fidelity to its native ideals. For this truth, human experience yields more than sufficient evidence. Moreover, in our time it becomes increasingly clear that the ideals of a people must be based solidly upon truly human values: upon the dignity of men and children of the same God, redeemed by the same Christ; upon the worth of every soul fashioned in the image of God.

Such is the Christian, and the American ideal. It is opposed to any social order which makes man merely the subject of an impersonal state or the bewildered pawn of a dehumanized economic system. The American ideal is a society, a brotherhood of free men; men free to think, to speak, to worship; men free from the domination of arbitrary political masters; men free from any economic strangulation which would make freedom the hollow catchword of demagogues. If democracy does not mean these things, then it is a perversion of that word.

This ideal is not confined only to those who dwell within the borders of this country. For the American ideal contains no narrow isolationist spirit; it expresses no hint of that type of national selfishness which denies the basic unity and the universal brotherhood of man. America must always remain the symbol of human freedom for all men; it must remain the answer to the aspirations and hopes of all freedom-loving people, everywhere in the world.

We who unreservedly accept this traditional American credo believe that it offers to men the best opportunity for living a life that corresponds most closely to the very nature of man, a life that holds forth the promise of decency, of security and the fulfillment of human personality.

But there remains an internal threat to the American ideal; a threat, which, now that military victory seems assured, assumes sinister and formidable proportions. It is a threat which consists simply of groups and individuals who are unaware of the fact that an era has died, an era of selfishness and unfettered greed. These people usually belong to economic groups which possess the greatest measure of security and which—up to now—have had the strongest influence upon American affairs.

Blinded by fear of changes they cannot understand or control, they cling tenaciously to their privileges and desperately defend their special interests. They would have us believe that a desire for economic security is incompatible with the American way of life. They would have us believe

that labor should be a very silent partner, and should never, under any circumstances, mix in politics. They distrust the common people. Distrusting the people, they seek to restrict democracy; restricting democracy, they emasculate it; and, if they are allowed to continue, they will destroy it completely.

Obviously, there is no lack of faith in democracy among the masses of people throughout the world. They believe, and rightly so, that the answer to any threat of fascism is not less democracy but more democracy. If you doubt this, read the record of the resistance movement in Europe. They hungered and thirsted and died because they believed above all in freedom: freedom from every oppression; freedom to work as dignified human beings; freedom to live in the way God intended His own children should live.

Are the common people to be considered capable of real freedom? Are they to be granted their rightful participation in the political and social institutions which they have helped to create, which they support, and under which they live? Above all, are the people, the workers of the world, to be given an equitable share of the wealth of the world?

These are questions which ruthlessly cut across all lines of race, of political beliefs, of national differences. They are questions which sprang from the very heart of the revolution in which we are living. And they are questions upon the answers to which the existence of democracy depends. To these questions we must give clear and fearless answers.

IT seems to me that labor is the one group which can and will give the best and most concrete answers to these questions of the common man. And this is so, simply because labor is composed of common men. Labor knows what is close to the heart of the common man everywhere. Labor knows that the common man's desires are not excessive; they consist of a home, a piece of land, a stable job, an opportunity to educate his children. Labor knows that organization is the most efficient and the most enduring way of achieving these things. Labor knows, then, that for the future peace and for the extension of democracy, labor unions are an absolute necessity.

As a recognized and permanent force in American life, labor unions have a unique opportunity and a unique obligation in the peace that is to come. The union can strike the most telling blows against a potent source of unrest and

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HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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F.E.P.C.

THE New York Times of April 1, 1945, in its column, "Report From the Nation," quotes the usually liberal Louisville Courier-Journal as being opposed to a permanent FEPC, on the grounds that prejudices cannot be removed by "legislative fiat, Federal or State." Many Americans, above and below the Mason-Dixie line evidently share in these feelings.

And yet several thousand years ago God Himself called a man unto a high mountain and there, mid sky and clouds, gave him Ten Commandments, which the people were to observe, or die. Die, even while they were still alive. Become walking corpses. For a man who is not at peace with God is dead. The only way this peace can be severed is through sin. Disobedience to any of these ten commandments is sin... and hence, death.

No, prejudice cannot be legislated away, but we can die... we will die, unless we, conquering them, legislate the Fair Employment Act. For not to do so is to deny our allegiance to the Lord and His commandments. Do we want to do that in the midst of this tragic war? In the hollow of His hand He holds the lives of our loved ones. Can we expect justice and mercy, when we have refused to mete out justice to our brothers in Him?

TWO THOUSAND years ago the Lord again spoke to His people. He sent His word, Who, becoming flesh, dwelt among us. The Second Person of the Most Holy Trinity became Man and was born unto us—a Child. He walked among us and taught us how to fulfill perfectly these Commandments. He summed them up for us, sublimely, as only God could. LOVE GOD AND LOVE OUR NEIGHBORS AS OURSELVES. This was the crux, the spirit of the whole Ten. He preached Love. He lived Love. HE WAS LOVE. And He died to prove it!

No, legislation cannot eradicate prejudices—only Love can. Are we going to refuse Love again as men did two thousand years ago? Are we going to cry out again, as they did, "CRUCIFY HIM, CRUCIFY HIM"? What difference does it make that His Cross was then of wood, and now it will be one made of discrimination and segregation? It is still a Cross, and HE WILL DIE AGAIN ON IT. And if we crucify Him anew, can we continue to besiege His Father for that peace our hearts yearn for? Can we? Knowing as we do that peace is the fruit of justice, how can we garner the fruit of a non-existent justice, if we refuse to mete it out to our brother... if we refuse to write the FEPC on our statute books?

Write it we must. Or we shall have neither peace nor life everlasting. No, legislation cannot eradicate prejudice, but the writing down of this law will at least be the beginning of our act of contrition... the first letter in the sincere "mea culpa" that we should be saying before the Lord of all Hosts.

So, let us write it... not only to render justice to the Negro, to whom we owe it a thousand times over... but to cleanse our souls from sin. Let us write it courageously and boldly into our law, so as to be free to pray for that peace we so desire... so as to HAVE AND HOLD THAT PEACE... HIS PEACE, WHICH NO ONE CAN TAKE FROM US.

Franciscan Fathers,
Saint Joseph's Church,
306 Ogden Avenue,
Bastrop, Louisiana.

Friendship House News!

I WANT to take this occasion to thank Bl. Martin de Porres, the generous donors and Friendship House News for the substantial gift I received through them. I am not revealing the benefactors' names, for I do not feel free to do so. Nevertheless, I now express my public thanks to them and will pray for them in the future as I have been doing in the past. And not only for them, but also for FH. As for Bl. Martin—he needs no prayer, but we all do need his powerful intercession, especially those of us laboring in the Lord's colored vineyard. I am sure the fields all look the same to Him; we, however, insist on seeing a variety of hues and shades. A spiritual blindness must be affecting our vision. May the day soon come when affairs will be different.

As a matter of history permit me to record for FH that at the time of my plea for assistance, Bastrop had no colored Church or rather Church for the Colored. In two weeks the First Holy Mass will be celebrated (March 11) in a renovated dwelling. Our eyes are now turned toward a school. We all hope next fall will witness the innovation.

Again thank you! God bless your efforts and increase your success!

Gratefully in the Lord,
(Signed) Fr. Medard.

SUMMER ADVENTURE

THERE once was a young lady who couldn't travel during her vacation because of the war, so she decided to become a visiting volunteer at Harlem Friendship House. She was interested in the lay apostolate and she had seen in her travels in Catholic countries that America's big shame was its attitude toward its colored citizens. To her it seemed this war might be poetic justice, that we should be attacked on one side by a colored race we had despised and treated inhumanly in this country and on the other by fanatic worshippers of Nordic supremacy. It seemed God wanted satisfaction for our crimes against justice. She had relatives who might have to die in this war and she decided she might help repay the debt of justice in an infinitesimal way by coming to Harlem and working for interracial justice. Our Lord had come down from Heaven so she should be able to leave the cool, beautiful mountains.

She found that God is not outdone in generosity. In the living room of Madonna Flat where she slept, there was always a little breeze. The clothing room for two weeks gave her the most wonderful stories of conversions and most heartrending tales of bureaucratic red tape. Such generosity she saw in the clothing sent in and in the faithful self-sacrifice of the women of the neighborhood who worked at unpacking, sorting and distributing it! She had leisure to visit other Catholic activities such as the Catholic Worker and the Casita Maria. With a group of almost a hundred she went to visit Maryknoll. There were books to read on spiritual things and the Negro, which opened new worlds to her. A priest gave a series of lectures on the spiritual life. A course of lectures on the Negro by a most charming, cultured, Catholic gentleman impressed her immensely with the injustice of looking down on such a fine person.

EVERY morning there was Mass at the lovely little church of St. Mark the Evangelist at 138th street. After lunch she went there with the staff for a half-hour meditation. After supper there was Compline, the beautiful evening prayer of the church, under the flickering light of Our Lady's shrine, giving her the certainty that God would not let happen any of the things her friends had threatened when she said she was coming to Harlem. And they never did! She was treated with courtesy, friendliness,

Words of Pope Pius XI

"I thank our dear Lord daily that He has let me live in times such as ours. It is something glorious to be a witness and in a measure a cooperator at this unexampled historical crisis. Nobody has a right in a hour like this to be a mediocrity. After various reverses the Church will come forth from the melting pot more beautiful than ever. Amid all the uncertainty and anguish let us be optimists."

gayety, and delightful stories of the West Indies. One weekend held a retreat with Fr. Furfey of the Catholic University on the lovely grounds of Maplehurst. (This year it will be a full week's retreat at Suffern.) The staff won her heart completely with their gayety, goodness, and hard work. It intrigued her to see this group of half a dozen tackling the biggest problem in America, the most full of dynamite. Their approach was simple. They didn't believe in segregation so they lived in Harlem. They wanted the poor to get more of this world's goods so they asked less, the bare necessities. The problem was big so they worked as hard as they could and left the rest to God. When she had time to think it over she decided that it was the most glorious summer of her life!

(Would you like such a summer or a part of one at \$10 a week? Write to Belle Bates at 34 West 135th St., or come to see her.)



—Ada Bethune

Time for Annual Wage

(Continued from page 1)

rebellion in the American nation: discrimination against Negroes. By admitting Negroes into its membership on a basis of equality, the unions can destroy economic injustice and beat down barriers of ill-will and stupid opposition.

Similarly, the labor unions can help eradicate the cancer of anti-Semitism; a cancer which gnaws at the very vitals of American life; which if allowed to continue would shrivel America's heart and retard the realization of the American ideal. American democracy will never come to full flower until discrimination against Negroes and Jews and all minority groups is erased from our national and personal lives, for of such groups is made the greatness of America. Any discrimination tears into shreds the solidarity of the human race and makes a mockery of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Christ. We have asked the Negro and the Jew to fight and die for democracy; it would be the basest cynicism to refuse to share with them that democracy.

Another answer that labor can give to the persistent questioning of the common man, is the guaranteed annual wage. From every standpoint this seems to me a fundamental requirement for full employment; for economic stability; for peace, finally, for dignified human living.

AT this point I cannot refrain from saying that labor's demand for the revision of the Little Steel Formula is both just and imperative. Surely all America knows the extraordinary record of war production made by the organized labor movement. It is a record which has amazed the world. This miraculous production was not the sole contribution of labor to the war effort. With it came a patience and a devotion to democracy expressed in its no strike pledge and its willingness to accept financial sacrifices in order to maintain an economy at war. The time is

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The Saint and His Friends

A saintly person, living in the desert, came one day upon a bowl of honey. He hadn't eaten for 34 days, so he was hungry. But he remembered the virtue of charity and decided he must share this good with his friends. Now his only two friends in that desert were a lion and a jackal, and so he called first to the lion.

"I have a bowl of honey. Would you like to come and share it with me?"

"Certainly," said the lion.

"I had thought of inviting a friend, a jackal, to eat it with us."

"That would be good," said the lion.

Then the saint called to the jackal:

"The lion and I are going to eat a bowl of honey. Won't you join us?"

"Do you think it will be all right?" asked the jackal.

"Oh I think so," said the saint.

"I'll come," said the jackal. He got there ahead of the lion.

"Here's the honey," said the pious man, "But let's wait for the lion."

"All right," said the jackal.

When the lion came he didn't say hello to the saint, but pounced on the jackal, and when he had finished with him, went to sleep.

Then the saint said:

"My friend the lion will not be hungry: besides, I am cross with him for eating my friend the jackal."

He ate the honey.

Bob Lax.

AROUND THE HOUSE

By ANN HARRIGAN

THIS week FH gloried in meeting Catholics who seem to have a perception of what it is to be a Catholic. They came from distances—Tuskegee, Alabama, and Albuquerque, New Mexico...happily, they were both in some way connected with the interracial apostolate.

Father Farragher, SSJ, is chaplain to the Negro students of Tuskegee Institute (readers unfamiliar with this wonderful institution should read "Up From Slavery," by Booker T. Washington, its founder and first president). Father Farragher also looks after the patients in the Veterans Hospital. When he tried to convince the WPB that he needed construction materials for a convent because he couldn't take care of the heavy loads of returning vet invalids without help, he failed. The reason they gave for refusing his priorities was that the convent was not needed before the war, so he couldn't have it now! But he built it in spite of them!

He has a little church that Dave James, one of our erstwhile Aviation Cadets, told us was a knockout. In fact, it's the only Catholic Church for 50 miles around. So white people use it, too, segregating themselves way in the back of the church, leaving a wide space between them and the colored people up front. So Father courteously invited the back-seaters to move up front to leave room for the late-comers. Of course, a delegation awaited him after Mass to explain why they can't sit near Negroes in the church, but... well, as Father says himself: "My technique is to be very clear, unmistakable about the behavior that Catholics have to live up to with beliefs like ours." There is no "special section" in that church!

One of his clerical friends is getting Southern views. He told Father, "I call them niggers—I never address them as Mr. or Miss—and I never shake hands with them on the street." Father said, "My Lord, man, what are you doing in this work at all, then?"

Father's modesty in telling of his needs and his joy in being privileged to work for God so closely won us to him. He needs our help and prayers.

IT seems there was another Irishman, Friar Michael Francis Willis, who comes from Cornwall, England. He is, by his own description, a "militant pacifist" and against rioting for social justice...unless absolutely necessary! He was telling us of the 3,000 Negroes in Albuquerque, where he is trying to start a Catholic Center for all...and in New Mexico this means Mexicans, Negroes, Spanish, Indians, whites—called "Anglos" usually. Not more than a dozen of the Negroes are Catholic in the cradle of Catholicism in this country! And at that, the few Negro Catholics cannot send their children to the academies there, and they face the invisible veil of jim-crow wherever they go.

Yet the love for the Faith even among the non-Catholic Negroes is amazing. One day a colored woman, a Methodist, took her four children into one of the Catholic churches with her. The priest told her to leave. To this day that woman is seen at times praying on her knees, on the steps of the church! Another Methodist lady tried to enter her daughter into one of the academies in Albuquerque, but she was refused. She persisted and finally got her into one in Santa Fe! What we Catholics will have to answer for!

One day an "Anglo" approached Father and said, "Oh, Father, I hear you are interested in the colored people. You know I just love the colored...I think they make the BEST servants, don't you?"

"I'm afraid, Mrs. X, that you don't understand what we are trying to do."

"But surely you won't let them sit anywhere in church...?" said the lady.

"I not only will...I defy anybody to start jim-crow pews in our Catholic Churches here in the Southwest. They're about the only places left in New Mexico that aren't segregated!"

Isleta, an Indian village nearby, has been Catholic for 400 years, ever since the Spanish priests brought the faith to these parts and called one of their cities Santa Fe—city of the Holy Faith. But they are falling away, going over to the Baptist and Methodist missionaries who have seven churches there!

IN fact, Friar Michael says that this part of the country is being used as a training ground for the ministers and LAY workers of the Protestant churches. They learn the languages and dialects, the ways of the people, and then they are groomed for the South American, Philippine and Mexican work. These ministers and lay workers are very apostolic and do the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, and this is partly the reason that they are succeeding in winning from the Catholic Church so many who were born in the faith. Why do so many Catholics still think that doctrine without good works is enough?

I read the other day in the "Daily Worker": "FOR WE WISH NOT ONLY TO UNDERSTAND THE WORLD AND INTERPRET THE WORLD. WE WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD." Communists want this. Do Catholics? How many that you know? How few want even to understand the world, much less to interpret the world to others. And as for changing the world! Read what a devout Catholic now in the Pacific writes: "The only people I see around me who care what happens to the world today and want to be informed are non-Catholics." Why?

If the voice of Christ in His gospel isn't clear and unmistakable, if we think He spoke only for those times, what of

AS THE JIM CROW FLIES

REX GORELEIGH, Director of the South Side Community Art Center, spoke at FH on Monday, April 9, on Trends in African Art Today. He brought out the point that Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani and many moderns who use primitive types and designs, took their inspirations from African Art of early times. The peculiar angles of primitive art were not signs that these aborigines did not know how to draw or carve. They were more subjective in their approach, as some of the modern art is today.



620 JAMAICANS BROUGHT up to Chicago to help out during the manpower shortage, herded into a single building that formerly served as a missionary training school for women, are beginning to feel the effects of such treatment. Forty of them are suffering from contagious diseases. When will those who have desperate need of employees begin to realize their responsibility toward those who come to help?

JUDGE QUILICI DESERVES special gratitude for his fearless stand against racial segregation and restrictive covenants.

THE FIRST TRUCK to come over the Stilwell Road stretching from India to China

His vicar on earth TODAY, the Pope, who has been calling for all Catholics to wake up and look around them and see what their laziness and blindness has done to the world. For we can't put the blame on others when WE have the fullness of truth...and they have only little pieces. Look at what they do with so little, and at what we do with so much!

We must be WHOLE Christians... that is, those whose beliefs and behavior coincide. We can't say that we honestly love God if we let our neighbor suffer cruel injustices without doing anything to help him. For, as St. Catherine of Sienna says, the test of our love of God is the love we have and show to our neighbor!

was driven by a Negro soldier, Technician Richard Barnett. This road, begun in December, 1942, had been thought "impossible" in the face of rain, malaria and mud through enemy territory most of the way. A thrilling achievement to the credit of the Engineer and Supply Corps of whom 65 per cent were Negro troops.

MARGE QUILTY CERTAINLY knows what it is to "Keep a Date With Christ." Every Wednesday at 4 o'clock, rain or shine, she comes to prepare supper for 20 or 30 people, which is in itself a big job, you will admit. But she also brings a great deal of ingenuity to the creation of these dishes, showing us the way of loving God through loving her neighbor.

But Marge really believes in St. Ignatius' formula "to work as if it all depended upon you and pray as if it all depended upon God." On her first free Wednesday in months she went to a Red Cross Nutrition class to get new ideas. Last Wednesday she had to go to take an examination—and that is the first we even heard about it!

ONE MORE THING—at our big volunteer jamboree last month somebody came out with the startling conclusion: "You know it isn't the Communist mind we have to worry about especially; it is this namby-pamby (what Ann calls BOURGEOIS) mind that is absolutely pagan, but thinks it is Christian because it goes to church on Sunday."—You know what I mean?

Lift I Not My Hand to Help?

"I love my neighbor as myself for love of Thee"—thus, I daily pray and pledge my heart to love

But even as I pray the world gives evidence that hatred, more than love, holds sway. As nations, civilizations crumble, fall; does hatred also stalk my love to slay.

Not only on the fields of war does hatred ride, not only pour his crucibles of blood to stain the earth of foreign lands

But even here in our United States he steals and spreads his evil with cunning hands. How much our flesh has felt his searing brand.

I say I love my Negro friend and speak out boldly to declare his suffering.

But love's enemy hears my voice too loud and quickly thundering
Drowns out my words in wild cacophony.

To love is to do what love demands and mine demands me

Our Lady Dwells In the Casita

ON THE feast of the Purification of Our Lady the Czechoslovakian wood carving of Our Lady holding the Infant was blessed and installed in the window of Blessed Martin's little house.

Father John, assistant pastor of Saint Elizabeth's, came over to bless the statue for us. We sat in a circle and Father asked us a few questions. He told us that if we want to go to Heaven, we must be good children, obey our parents, and say our morning and evening prayers.

Father then proceeded to recite the Latin words for the blessing of the statue. They were rather strange and we did not understand them.

Before he left, Father wanted to know how many of us were baptized Catholics. He told us that in the very near future he would come to visit us in our homes.

Felita May Bailey asked Mr. Bill if our Lady looked like the statue. When Mr. Bill answered yes, Felita May looked up again at the statue and exclaimed, "Gosh, she sure looked ugly."

The councilors will have to give a course on Art, and let us hope that they will instill into the hearts of the children the meaning of the words, "I am black, but beautiful."

—Mr. Bill.

THE REV. BERNARD BURNS, who is chaplain to a contingent of Puerto Rican soldiers, also begs for Catholic Bibles in Spanish. He has 25,000 Catholic soldiers who are Americans and open to the active proselytizing of other groups. Please help him. His address: Box 955, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Readers, please help!

That I succor my brother in distress
And take his burdens to be my own.

To hate is to do what hate expounds and though I disavow it
He seeks to force my love to yield
To forsake my brother to stripes and chains, alone.

My dark friend comes to me with hope—having heard perhaps my pledge of love
Which love alone can melt the chains of poverty and ignorance, hatred forged.
But even as I rise to free him, hatred (not of me, for I have disavowed it) gives me pause.

The stripes of sickness which he bears demand my healing
Yet still I hesitate for fear, Will others whom I treat not leave me,
Their hearts too hatred-bound to reconcile love's dealing?

But, what love is this that hate commands!
It is not the love that Christ demands!
Why claim I love at all in such a bastard role!
My brother suffers in an earth-bound hell.

Lift I not my hand to help him?
May God have mercy on my soul!

Rod Maguire, M.D.

The Baroness Jots It Down

IF from now on you will read in Friendship House News new litanies that may seem unfamiliar to you, blame the saintly Capuchin Fathers at Marathon, Wis., who introduced them to me when Eddie and I were lecturing there recently. We had a wonderful time. You should have heard the merry, wholesome laughter of the young Frates!

Anyhow, it was Father Guardian who gave me a book called "Kyrie Eleison" (two hundred litanies), by Benjamin Francis Musser, O. F. M. And are they grand! So, I just can't help myself, I wanted to share my find with you. The more so when I remember that we really should "pray without ceasing" and that "prayer is the mark and nourishment of the interior life of man." Litanies are such wonderful prayers of petition, thanksgiving, adoration, praise...they are also (did you know?) very old. In fact they were old at Pentecost...for what are the great psalms of David but litanies? So now you know the reason for the litanies that will appear from time to time in our paper.

FRRIENDSHIP House, New York, is greatly blessed this month. It is poor...so poor! The bank account has less than \$50. We will not be able to put out an issue of the

Who's Who in FH

MISS ELIZABETH TEEVAN, to everyone in and out of Friendship House, "Teivy." A jewel of great price. Officially, she is the House Mother at the Chicago House. Unofficially, she is "mother" to one and all...the Staff, the friends and volunteers, Willie the Weeper (a strange and fascinating character who comes regularly for a cup of coffee and swears that if it were not for Teivy he would really "go wrong" for good. As it is, he only slips now and then.)

Scotland is Teivy's birthplace. Her accent still has a pleasant short burr that makes music of all her "r's." And it must have been Scotland, too, which gave her its gracious gift of perfect Christian hospitality. For never is there a time when she does not find a wee bit of something or other to put before the hungry ones of Friendship House, and their name—takes it from one who knows—is legion. The grace and kindness with which Teivy serves all marks her for the beloved of Christ, which she is. Pots and pans may be Teivy's media, but her mind and soul are vast and keen. Years of serving the Lord have given her a deep insight into human hearts, and of God she knows much. At times she tells us some of it, and then we listen hungrily and respectfully, for we know that He alone could have told her what she knows. Teivy prays much, and she loves much and well...especially those whom the world despises and forgets. So, to all of us she is just "mother" Teivy, of the flashing wit and smile. Five feet, two of her...and every inch a real lady of God.

paper next month unless... And FH needs a thousand every month to be all things to all men...up there in Harlem. So God gives us another chance to function by faith alone, and we thank Him for it. Thank Him for ourselves and for all of you, our friends. For whereas, He gives us a chance to have Faith in darkness, He gives you a chance to help Him...as He walks in Harlem. Alone, in need. Behold—and read our Appeal Letter. Its success depends on YOU!

THE Capuchin Fathers, mentioned above, have far-flung Missions that have been hard hit by the war. If you have Mass intentions to give, if you want to help missionaries, send your donation to Rev. Father Guardian, St. Anthony Monastery, Marathon, Wisconsin.

AGAIN we invite those who attend Mass and go to Communion daily, or recite an act of Spiritual Communion daily, to get in touch with Rev. William J. Benisek at St. Paul Shrine of the Blessed Sacrament, at East 40th and Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, and enroll in the Society of Daily Communicants. It carries many benefits and indulgences. Please mention Friendship House or my name, when writing Father. I promised him to act as a promoter...it is such a wonderful work.

MRS. MARY O'CONNOR of 754 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill., is a shut-in, and so is Mrs. Ann Hudson of 4423 Fulton, Chicago, Ill...both would love Catholic magazines and letters. Sister Stanislaus of 630 N. Rodney St., Helena, Mont., also is interested in Catholic literature, magazines and recent books...and Mrs. Carmen Welch, Nazareth House, Ramsey, Ill., needs all she can get. Please, in your charity, remail your copies.

Time for an Annual Wage

(Continued from page 2)

here—now—when labor cannot be asked to continue carrying an unfair part of the effort. The Little Steel Formula **MUST** be REVISED.

In this connection of dignified human living, Pius XI, of happy memory, has said: "In the first place, the wage paid to the working man must be sufficient for the support of himself and his family... Every effort must therefore be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs. If in the present state of society this is not always feasible, social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay which will guarantee every adult working man just such a wage... Finally, the wage scale must be regulated with a view to the economic welfare of the whole people."

I believe that the guaranteed annual wage for the working men is just; it is so-

BOOK REVIEW

By BELLE R. BATES

BLACK BOY, by Richard Wright. Harper & Bros., Pub. \$2.50.

"BLACK BOY," the story of the childhood and youth of Richard Wright, presents again the effect of prejudice, poverty, privation, and its toll on the souls of a sensitive people. After years of insecurity, uncertainty, and little attention to the basic needs for sustaining life, the author says: "At the age of 12 I had an attitude toward life that was to endure, that was to make me skeptical of everything while seeking everything, tolerant of all and yet critical. The spirit I had caught gave me insight into the sufferings of others, made me gravitate toward those whose feelings were like my own, made me sit for hours while others told me of their lives, made me strangely tender and cruel, violent and peaceful."

Through reading this autobiography we gain a keener appreciation of the pain, trials, and struggles of the Negro in America. A deeper understanding of why this pattern must be changed, and a new sympathy for anyone who must pull himself through this mesh of intolerance to realize his dignity as a human being. Richard Wright tells what a distressing experience this can be in the sketch of his childhood days in Memphis, Tennessee; Elaine, Arkansas and Jackson, Miss.

If you sincerely want to understand the Negro people, and the emotional tension to which they are subjected in America "Black Boy" will be a great help.

Mr. Wright's style of writing is acclaimed by reviewers as possibly the very finest this country has produced in this generation. It is a book you will truly enjoy!

STAFF REPORTER

By M.C.K.

WHAT undertones there are to some of the stories we hear at Friendship House! An employment agent said that he came to New York for workers in a war plant. He advertised in the papers for trained mechanics to go to a small city in Connecticut. Many colored men with excellent training and references came, but he had to tell them openly, but with genuine sorrow, that, though he needed men badly, he had to let them know that if they got to his town the people would not give them a place to live. He said he'll never forget the expressions on the faces of these men, some disappointed, others angry, or bitter, or cynical.

We at Friendship House can imagine clearly the colored man's story. He got his skill in spite of many obstacles in the union or shop, due to his race. He obtained a position after many rebuffs. He pleased his employer who may have started by being skeptical about colored workers. Then he saw an advertisement which might enable him to get his family out of over-crowded Harlem to a place where he might practice his trade and yet have his own little home with a yard for the children to play in, a little garden where he could use his spare hours healthfully and profitably. He asked his employer for references in fear and trembling for he knew he was risking the goodwill for which he had worked so hard. Then he took time out of work at his own expense and went down to his unknown hope. When he finally saw this white man he was told that, though he was needed and welcome as a worker, there was no place for his family. Those people in Connecticut who never saw him or his wife or his children had turned thumbs down on them because the skin God gave them was dark. Those people were destroying all his hopes by their blind, almost unconscious prejudice. Maybe he was close enough to Christ to pray as He did, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." But more likely, as saints are rare, and people are human, there may have burst into his brain from his broken heart, "May God damn to hell all these white brutes." And God will forgive him, for

his provocation was great and he had been aggravated for a long time.

WHAT can white people do about this? First, for the sake of the Holy Family which found no room at the inn, don't fight against the colored family which tries to flee the soul-killing lack of privacy of the Harlems of America. My second suggestion reminds me of a spider I saw fallen into the set-tub. He kept struggling up the side and falling back. Finally, partly in Franciscan pity and partly because I thought he might eat our plague of mosquitoes, I put down a piece of paper, he crawled onto it, and I pulled him out. Have you some pieces of paper in the bank lying idle? The banker is using them for the purposes of the world. Will you use them for Christ? Study your colored section. See which is the best direction it's going. Then buy a house beyond it. You may get it cheap, as the prejudiced flee in terror from their colored brother. Ask the parish priest to recommend a good, real family. Make arrangements whereby their rent will enable them to buy the house after a while. Do it for Christ, not for profit or gratitude. You will be surprised at the joy you will get and give. Remember these words? "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal. For where your treasure is, there shall your heart be also."

pating in management. Labor and industry, freely and responsibly working together, will mutually benefit. I think this union-management cooperation was what Pius XI meant when he wrote: "Unless the various forms of human endeavor, dependent one upon the other, are united in mutual harmony and mutual support; unless, above all, brains, capital and labor combine together for common effort, man's toil cannot produce due fruit."

And again, in the statement of the Catholic Bishops of America, it is said significantly: "...a contract between employers and employees would serve the purpose of individual and social welfare more effectively if it were modified by some form of partnership which would per-

mit a graduate share in the ownership and profits of business and also some voice in its management." Union-management cooperation is a very Christian and human development in industrial democracy and industrial peace.

If the common people of the world are again frustrated in the attempt to break through the barriers of discrimination erected by selfishness and cynicism; if victory means a return to the social injustices, the political peonage and the hopelessness of the past—then the victory shall be a hollow one; the peace shall be but a prelude to future carnage; and this war shall be recorded as the supreme example of futile tragedy in history.

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